

AN ELEGY

On the MODERN HERO E,

REDMON & HANLAN,

Surnamed The TORY.

Come Gentle Muse, assist my pen
To praise the worthiest of men,
With whom, your ancient Heroes put
In ballance, weigh not shell of Nut.
As for great *Hanlan's* reputation,
We shall evince by demonstration.
Of them, let *Jason* first be nam'd,
For clean conveyance so much fam'd.
For whose each lock of Golden wooll,
Bold *Redmon* has a thousand stole.
Nor did their owners scape so cheap,
He often took both Fleece, and Sheep.
Nay *Mercury* himself, though made
A God. for his great skill i'th trade;
Compar'd, would look like *Picaroon*
To First-Rate Ship, or Star to Moon.

Next *Hercules*, about whose Club
Strange tales you tell, like those of Tub:
Would the unequal combat shun,
O're-match'd by his dead doing Gun.
For if with Blunderbuss compar'd,
Like all that met it, 'twoud have fear'd.

The force of this *Achilles* hide
Well tan'd as 'twas, wou'd ne'r abide.
Shou'd lusty Blunder once assault him,
In spight of Fate it would have-maul'd him.

Heitor; that of the *Greeks* made spoyl,
As you and *Homer* keep a coyl;
Ne're bolder set upon his foes
Than he, who told them to their nose,
You must deliver up your Purse,
Or by my Shoul you'l fare the worse.
Which said, if enemy seem'd stout, }
Soon half a dozen balls flew out, }
And strait one Army fell to rout. }

Which if our party no worse far'd
Than losing Prize, and being scar'd:
For th' famous Warrior was compleat }
In all that makes a General great, }
Knew when to fight, when to retreat. }
In which no Mountains, Rocks, or Woods,
Cou'd stop his course, nor Bogs, nor Floods;
As oft he manifested, when
Pursu'd by *Floyd*, and his six men.
Shewing a pair of heels so light,
That some mistook it for plain flight.
But they are much mista'ne, alas!
And chiefly in the Millers case:
For though his men and he retir'd
With speed, after the Mill was fir'd;
Yet none must think the *Count* wou'd run
From one old Miller and his Son.
Attribute then the haste was made
Only to fear of Ambuscade.

But death, although he ran so fast,
Has got the heels of him at last.
For which, the tears are numberless
That have been shed, as you may guess.
But to his friends one comfort's left;
Although he be of life bereft,
He shan't partake the common fate;
For neither *Redmon's* limbs nor pate
Shall under sordid rubbish lye }
Forgot, but shall be plac'd on high, }
Monuments of his Chivalry. }
Where, if his shining Beard, and Hair, }
Should like some new made Star appear, }
(For Stars, in times past, *Heroes* were) }

To all that dare his Rivals be,
They will portend black destiny.

3 December 1781.